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THE MAN WHO WAS PEART

By M. QUAD

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The old possum hunter of the Tennessee mountains was sixty years old, but was so strong and hale and hearty that I knew he must have been a wonderfully tough man in his younger days. I tried several times to draw him out, and one evening as we sat smoking, with his good wife on the other side of the fireplace, he began:

"When I got married I thought I was jest the peartest thing on the face of the alrth. I could outjump, outoller and outlight anything I cum across on these yere mountains. I had never been licked by b'ar or man, and if any critter was shoutin' when I hove in sight he shut up mighty sudden. Yes, I was the hull thing, and it kinder makes me lonesome to think back to them days."

"To the times when you was makin' a fule of yo'self!" said Mrs. White without raising her eyes from her knitting.

"Arter I had got married," continued Zeb, with a wink at me. "I thought to steady down, but folks wouldn't let me. If I didn't have a fuss with somebody about so often they talked that I was losin' my sand. Mind yo', I didn't go howlin' around like a ragin' lion lookin' fur trouble, but the critters who were achin' fur lickin' cum to me. I had to tackle six different men right yere to home in one week."

"And you was glad to do it!" said Mrs. White.

"Waal, I was no man to run for the bresh when a man cum along and sed he was most dead fur want of a whoopin'. I took it to be a kinder way to turn to and give him what he wanted. One night in the summer, as I had just got to sleep, a yellin' starts up about a half a mile away. It was a noise betwixt the roarin' of a lion and the growlin' of a bulldog, and as it drew nigher the old woman sot up and asks:

"Zeb White, but what in the name of all creashun is that?"

"It's a bulkin' got off the railroad tracks and makin' its way across the kentry," says I.

"It's nuthin' of the kind," says she. "It's Gabriel soundin' his trumpet for the judgment day!"

"We was both mistaken, however. The noise came nigher and nigher, and bimeby we made out that it was a man. He had come to lick me. He had come fifty miles. It was a moonlight night, and I got up and looked out the window at him. The sight made my hair curl. He was nigh seven feet high and as broad as a barn. He was as big as a giant in a sideshow. When he saw my head at the window he gives a roar that goes echoin' over the mountin' and says:

"Come down, Zeb White!"

"I hain't got no furse with you," says I.

"But come down and obleege me and make me feel that life is worth livin'!"

"I'll come down," says I, and notwithstandin' the old woman hung on to me with tears and said I'd be killed I went down.

"Ar' this Zeb White?" he asks in a purrin' voice.

"It ar'."

"Then I am the thankfulest man in all Tennessee! Zeb, I'm goin' to squash yo' all to squash!"

"I made up my mind that I was a dead coon," continued Zeb, "but would do the best I could. We squared off and went at it, and in about two minutes I was a surprised man."

"So was the stranger. He was nuthin' but a windbag. He was as flabby as a goose and as soft as wax, and I believe I could have licked him with one hand tied behind me. It was over in five minutes, and he was hollerin' for mercy. When I let him up he said:

"Zeb, it was squar' and fair, and I hain't no complaint to make. Did you ever see a circus?"

"I never did."

"Then go down to Bristol on Wednesday and see one. That's all sorts of animals, and one is called an elephant. He kin lick you in two minutes."

"Me'n the old woman had a deal of curiosity about that elephant, as we had never seen one, and so we got ready and went to town. The circus and the elephant was thar, along with a heap of other things. We pays our money and goes in, and I says to the feller inside:

"What's that critter they calls the elephant, if you please?"

"He p'lnts the way, and we go over and look at him. He was the biggest livin' thing I ever saw, but arter lookin' him over I says to the old woman:

"I reckon he's achin' to be walloped, and I reckon I'm the critter to do it."

"She begs and pleads with me not to try it on. She p'lnts out the fact that he's bigger'n our new shed and that I don't stand no show, but I differed with her. The stranger had put me on my mettle."

"And how did it end?" I asked as Zeb made a long pause and Mrs. White giggled in her throat.

"Whar was I when I come to my senses again, ma?" he asked.

"Right yere to home."

"And how many days had passed?"

"Five."

"And how long did I haft to lay a-bed?"

"Six weeks, but you was poorly fur three months."

"That's all, stranger," said Zeb as he turned to me and then refilled his pipe for another smoke.

HOW NATURE REPAYS.

The Loss of One Sense Seems to Bring Added Power to the Others.

When the third question put to the girl who was tinting a customer's hair a fashionable shade elicited no reply the woman turned to the manager of the beauty shop and said: "What is the matter with that girl, anyhow? Is she deaf?"

"Very nearly," said the manager. "How does she hold her place?" said the woman. "It seems to me that a person employed in a place like this stands in need of her five senses."

"That is just what they do not need," was the reply. "If one sense is lacking the other four make up for the deficiency and become the more valuable because more acute. Your hairdresser cannot hear, but her sight is marvelous. She can detect a gray hair half a block away, and her gift for shading and matching colors amounts to real genius. No woman with all her faculties is so consummate an artist as she is in touching up a difficult head of hair. When you are ready for massage I shall bring you a blind girl. All her art is centered in her finger tips. She can find and smooth away wrinkles that less sensitive fingers would not discover. Another deaf girl in the establishment is particularly sensitive to scents and is invaluable in mixing and applying perfumes. The manager in a place of this kind needs her five senses and as many more as nature can provide, but for her assistants elimination and concentration are desirable."—New York Press.

SWISS WRESTLERS.

Curious Contests in Which They Display Marvelous Strength.

Wrestling seems to be an international sport, but one of the most curious styles to be seen is probably that of the Swiss. There is generally an immense meeting of the wrestlers every year, called the "swingerfest," meaning literally the "festival of swinging," and to this festival come the mountain men from all parts of Switzerland.

It takes place in an immense arena, generally four or six couples wrestling at the same time, with stands around for the audience. The men who are wrestling each wear a pair of short knickers, very loosely worn, and made of some stout material, with a leather belt at the top to strap it on round the waist, over their costume, and the idea is to catch their opponents by these knickers and throw them. Both shoulders must touch the ground, and the men are not allowed to hold their opponents except by the knickers.

Of course it is mainly a question of brute strength, and on nearly all occasions the mountain men prove the better of the townsmen. Very often a man will throw his opponent clean over his shoulder through the air, and when one considers that this must be done only by gripping a piece of sailcloth or such like material in either hand, at the height of a man's joints, some idea can be gathered of the marvelous strength shown on these occasions.

Value of Friendship in Business.

The salesman who was formerly intent on getting orders by means of the "happy days" system of cigars and drinks now courts the friendship of his customers on utilitarian lines. He tries to make suggestions that will be of use. He essays an idea or drops a piece of news intended to do the customer some good. Not infrequently an expert salesman will study the methods of a customer and even the methods in use in his establishment before approaching him, so as to be in a position to talk intelligently on his needs and perhaps spring a new idea that will attract attention. Then the customer is liable to be indebted to him in a friendly way, which is the better way of securing a man's business and holding it. —Hroif Wisby in Leslie's.

A Misunderstood Toast.

Even a toast is liable to be misunderstood. Mr. Hackwood in his book "Good Cheer" refers to an anecdote preserved in Notes and Queries "which tells that during the short lived peace of Amiens (1802) the chairman at one of the city banquets proposed the toast of the health of the three present consuls," which the toastmaster took up in his stentorian accents and by mistake or a happy inspiration translated into 'the health of the three per cent consols.' The company, we are told, honored the toast with great enthusiasm." —London Standard.

A Different Kind.

Wife anxiously—I do wish you were in some other work, dear. I am in constant fear that you will touch a charged wire at the shop. Hub—Oh, the charged wire at the shop doesn't bother me. What I have more dread about is the charged account at the store.—Boston Transcript.

Pretty Poor Candy.

"Mr. Spooner, I think I like you better than any o' the other fellers that come to our house."

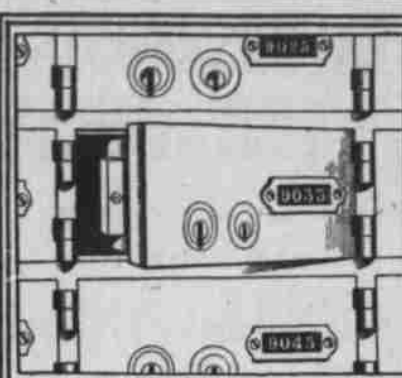
"Why so, Bobby?"

"Cause when you give sister a box o' candy she always turns it over to me."—Chicago Tribune.

Took Him at His Word.

Young Husband—What a glorious day! I could dare anything, face anything, on a day like this! Wife—Then come with me to the milliner's!—London Telegraph.

When you get to worrying, stop and think of the unnecessary things you worried about yesterday.—Youth's Companion.



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